

A woman with curly brown hair, wearing a red off-the-shoulder top and red lace-trimmed underwear, posing against a white background. She is wearing a large red bow on her chest and a gold chain necklace.

Silk & Satin

KNAVE

Special

No. 2

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9 NEW
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**THE
EROTIC
APPEAL
OF
LUXURY
LINGERIE!**



KNAVE

SILK & SATIN SPECIAL NUMBER 2



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BY AUSTIN LEGREW

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Austin Legrew

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**IT HAPPENED TO
ME**

Confessions and
revelations

Silk & Satin

Special No. 2



Last year we published a special issue of Knave dedicated to Silk and Satin. We know you loved it — and we're glad you enjoyed reading it as much as we enjoyed putting the whole thing together!

Your letters simply flooded in singing the praises of our girls and their amazing accessories. It seems that a lot of you revere high-class, sexy lingerie and beautiful women. We understand. Perfectly! It's a subject close to our own hearts. So, here's another erotic bundle of Silk & Satin clad foxy ladies along with some of those other things you like so much: jokes, cartoons, erotic articles, plus some vintage risque readers' letters and confessions.

We know you're going to enjoy our second Silk & Satin special issue...

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW



slot





The alluring attire draped liberally around Lois' gorgeous torso would probably be beyond the means of most mere mortals, but we thought we'd include it just to show you how the other half lives. It's made of Ogheydanu silk, a rather rare textile produced by Buddhist monks in the mountains of Japan.

There was one of those very embarrassing incidents when it came time to take her photograph. The man with the Box Brownie saw the outfit and slurred. "Cor, that looks expensive, but I wouldn't mind slipping into it myself!" Unfortunately, Lois had her back to him at the time and thought he was referring to her. Naturally, she was flabbergasted and promptly hit the bottle. Now, was that before or after she hit the photographer...?







The magic had gone out of Duncan's marriage, and so it came as some surprise when Marilyn suggested that he buy her some silk lingerie. As KENNETH KINGDOM relates, when the bitch wears the right collar, there can be plenty of life left in the old dog.

A woman is lying on her side, wearing black silk lingerie with lace detailing and black high-heeled shoes. She is positioned diagonally across the frame. The background consists of soft, flowing stripes in shades of pink and white. The overall mood is sensual and elegant.

SHADES OF SILK

SHADES OF SILK

Duncan turned the wheel of his Capri left and sharp left again as he came to the Hanger Lane underpass, rebuking himself at the same time for his unspoken thoughts about coming out from Earl's Court into petit bourgeoisie-land. He was not in love with Marilyn. He realised that after seven stormy years, but there was an attraction about her which would not go away, even though he had said 'good bye' after numerous rows.

He always came back. Marilyn called it 'going walkabout', during his periods of absence, and found another boyfriend with irritating speed.

She opened the door of Flat 5A. A divorcee, one parent family, with little Timothy away at boarding school. She supported him partly by the grant from the local council, and working as a Social Services Officer.

Marilyn was sharp, smart, possessing a leonine grace, with legs that, as she herself said, went up to her waist. Her boobs were not big — she called them 'bee stings' — but her hooded spaniel-

mer and tongs after the usual pleasantries of the day. It was no longer a conversation, but a script where each player knew their lines by heart. And it aroused him. The way her eyes flashed and she held her body erect and proud — just like his cock was at that moment under the table.

A good dinner at Chez Marie. A bottle of wine, plus two liqueurs, but no coffee, then home, bed and bonk.

Those long legs enveloped his rib cage as he entered her and closed tight so that they were vertical in the 'cycling' position. Marilyn growled with approval, her body moulding to his like an eel. His sap rose to more growls and grunts; it exploded, and then that was it.

He got off, turned over on his side away from her and said 'goodnight'.

He went into the bathroom to use the loo and noted with quelling passion the frumpy knickers hanging on the clothes line. He was going back to bed to give her one before leaving, but the sight of them changed his mind. He quietly dressed and tip-toed out of the flat, softly closing the door behind him.

Duncan was a 'full set' man. When he fantasised about Marilyn, he always did so about her wearing black and piped red briefs, with a half-cup bra, black suspender belt and sheer black

"A good dinner at Chez Marie. A bottle of wine, plus two liqueurs but no coffee, then home, bed and bonk."

like eyes, and pouting lips put together a sexual aura that had made Duncan propose marriage twice and be promptly accepted.

She was a good fuck. A twice a night poke — three times Friday night/Saturday morning. His 'leave pass' for not seeing her until Monday. Duncan admitted his interest was physical and that he was selfish, and also (nowadays) that he didn't want to get married.

She let him in, saying her usual sotto voice 'hello!' and he followed her into the lounge, noting with dick-stirring approval those legs, the way she crossed them, and the newly pressed green tartan skirt which slid back enough above the knee to be sensual but never enough to appear downright tarty.

That was Marilyn. Prim and proper, with all the lower-middle-class prejudices, but a luster with a dirty mouth in bed.

"Have we been there before?"

She was speaking, bringing him out of his carnal reverie.

In the restaurant they were at it ham-

nylons, as opposed to fishnets, with mind-blowing seams adjusted in a perfectly straight line, as they would be with Marilyn's fastidious attention to detail.

He had mentioned it to her before. Jokingly, of course. Surprisingly, she had replied. "Well, why don't you buy me some? I'd wear them when I went out with you..." and wrote down her sizes on a piece of paper, giving it to him with a knowing look that made him feel uncomfortable.

Duncan hated shopping, even in men's shops, yet here he was, feeling a complete bloody idiot in a ladies slinky underwear store in Shaftesbury Avenue.

To his relief, the assistant was friendly but impersonal, with not one iota of a smile at the back of her eyes.

"Yes, Sir, the full Pompadour set; yes, we have the sizes in black, with some colour variations. Yes, red is the erotic twin tone with black, of course, and I am almost sure we have the red piping around the knickers that the lady wants."

He liked that. 'What the lady wants' bit. It took the pressure off him and placed the onus upon her. He stopped feeling a twit and relaxed, noting the careful way she folded each wispy garment, placing it in juxta position in the box rather like making up a kiddies Meccano set, the way his father's generation did when they were small.

"I didn't think you'd have the guts!" Marilyn laughed, taking it from him with a happy smile and lovelights in her eyes. "We're going out to that place in Chiswick, I mean Kew Green..... the one on the corner where they do Duck a la Provence?"

She went into the bedroom and came back wearing a black cocktail dress and matching high heels, adjusting a stocking to its suspender, looking up, smiling at him as she did so.

He wanted her as never before. He was rampant with desire. Marilyn was now his fantasy come to life. "What do you think?" she trilled, plonking herself in his lap, most un-Marilyn-like, waving her legs in the air, permitting her skirt to fall to her waist, revealing the fleshy-thighs held tight by the suspenders, and the inviting vee of her G-string briefs.

He pulled her lips to his and they kissed with a surging passion as her hand quickly went to explore the rising mound beneath her. Duncan unzipped the back of her dress. Marilyn leapt off him, still holding his hand, as it fell to the floor, showing her in the full range of the sexy underwear.

"Shall I just take off the bra and these?" she demanded coquettishly, stepping rapidly out of her briefs, showing a matching, slightly shaved, pubic triangle underneath.

He had never — she had never — had it so good. The sheer silk was like a sexual magnet as it touched his bare skin, the suspenders bruised him as they chafed in excitement against his sides. Marilyn swore with pleasure as he twanged them, letting them fall back with a resounding *thwack*, which only made her even more sensually motivated.

During a brief break after the second shared climax Marilyn leaned over and passed him the bedside phone. "I think you ought to tell them to let somebody else enjoy the Duck a la Provence tonight, don't you?" she said hornily, nibbling his ear as he dialled, and moving over on top of him like a cat about to have the cream again.

Their relationship had undergone a mega-metamorphosis. Duncan never saw those ugly old-fashioned underthings hanging on the bathroom line again, or those weary white bras. Marilyn was now wearing her undies briefer,

even to work. Tights were banished, and she even wore tan nylons with seams to the office now.

'The Silk Era', as he dubbed it, had made Marilyn a totally different person. A lot of the old hostility had been self doubt, which had caused her to be possessive and insanely jealous. Now, although he played golf and cricket as

as they watched TV one night after supper. "I could do better than that, darling," she laughed, nodding towards the screen.

It was a nightclub scene where a stripper was going through her paces.

"Could you?" he said, very aroused at the thought, trying to keep his tone easy and bantering.

"To his relief, the assistant was friendly but impersonal, with not an iota of a smile at the back of her eyes."

usual, they went riding together more often. They began to share new friends in common, but he still didn't move in, chuck up the Earl's Court flat and, strangely, Marilyn no longer mentioned it.

He noticed, with surprise, that she was not wearing a bra under her blouse

"Oh, yes. In fact, Gail who works with me — she's 26, only a year younger — makes fifty quid every Sunday morning at a men's drinking club."

"Stripping?"

"Sure, they love it. It's get the gear on, splash your boobs and body with

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SHADES OF SILK

continued from page 17

baby oil, and give them a good five minute routine with a good ninety seconds' flash at the end."

"Interested?"

"Well, I don't see why not. We can use the £50, and I must say the thought rather makes butterflies go round in my tummy," she laughed.

For once, he did not object to the 'we'. In fact, it made him want her to do it. Out loud Duncan replied, as casually as he could. "Well, why not give it a go then?"

She could dance, in fact she had done tap and ballet as a child. She had plenty of self-confidence. He knew that, because he had seen Marilyn handle a lecture to a group of social workers.

"You coming?" she said on Sunday after breakfast as she packed her smaller

Marilyn introduced him to Gail, Terry and Carol.

"Why don't you go with Malcolm, Terry's husband, into the back of the bar and watch all the fun, Duncan?" laughed Gail.

He was taken by surprise. The whole scene was not as he had imagined. Not a bit sleazy. All the other three girls were married, and two of them were Mums. As Malcolm said, "You feel quite chuffed when you see the old woman out there in front doing her bit. It makes Sunday lunch more like dinner, know what I mean, when you get home?"

Duncan chuckled through the sharp dig in the ribs Malcolm used to make the point.

He couldn't believe Marilyn had not been a stripper all her life. The sheen of oil shone under the spotlights as she

house was full, not yet beered up, but already appreciative. There were hand-claps and genuine wolf-whistles of appreciation as she removed her bra and slid a flattened palm down under the front of her G-string, with a 'sent' expression on her face. The one Duncan recalled from when they made love together.

Then the G-string was off, too, and she gave it the gun, mincing in suspender belt, suspenders, stockings and high heels, giving the boys the good old wide legged pose front and back, coming off-stage to sit on the knee of one of the punters in the front row, giving him a cheeky tongue-down-throat kiss — before she left to get back onstage and end with a shuddering, hand frigging below routine that had them yelling for more.

Afterwards, Marilyn appeared, a little damp after a quick shower, still smelling faintly of the baby oil. Duncan kissed her and said with frank admiration, "You were great!"

Her eyes lit up with appreciation. She knew he meant it. They said their good-byes and see-you-next-weeks as they got into the car.

Marilyn kissed a large fifty pound note and passed it over.

"What's that for?"

"Our joint account."

He pretended to consider. "Well, does that entitle me to a matinee performance?"

As he slowed for the lights she slid across the front seat and said huskily in his ear, "Before or after we eat?"

They never did in the end. 'We' were too busy discussing 'our' future as Duncan felt a silken knee pushing hard and suggestively between his legs back in the shared armchair.

"Duncan never saw those ugly old-fashioned underthings hanging on the bathroom line again, or those weary white bras."

travelling case with a black and red edged basque, two pairs of fishnets, a choice of red or black suspender belt, and two G-string with tie sides. "How about these?" she grinned, showing him a pair of black elbow gloves. "Go nice with this cheap silver bracelet, don't you think?"

Was he coming? Well, almost.

They drove across to the club and

posed in a provocative, red low cut dress on a high stool set in the middle of the stage and began her routine. First, off came the gloves as she swung her legs, crossing and re-crossing them, so that her thighs flashed and the suspenders strained. She slowly got off the stool and moved around the stage, sticking her bum out at the appropriate beat to the tapes. Applause thundered. The





EVA





Eva, my computer banks tell me, first appeared waaaay back in 1985 in our Amateur Model feature. Since then, she's gone on to even better things, as you can plainly see here. I can't remember what the blurb said about her back then (*It was drive!, you wrote it — Ed.*) but I'm sure it's as true today as it was back then.

Eva, it must be said, likes a little bit of the other and isn't afraid of who knows it. Not that she's promiscuous (who can afford to be these days?) — she's just a girl who knows what she wants. What you might call Eva-ready...





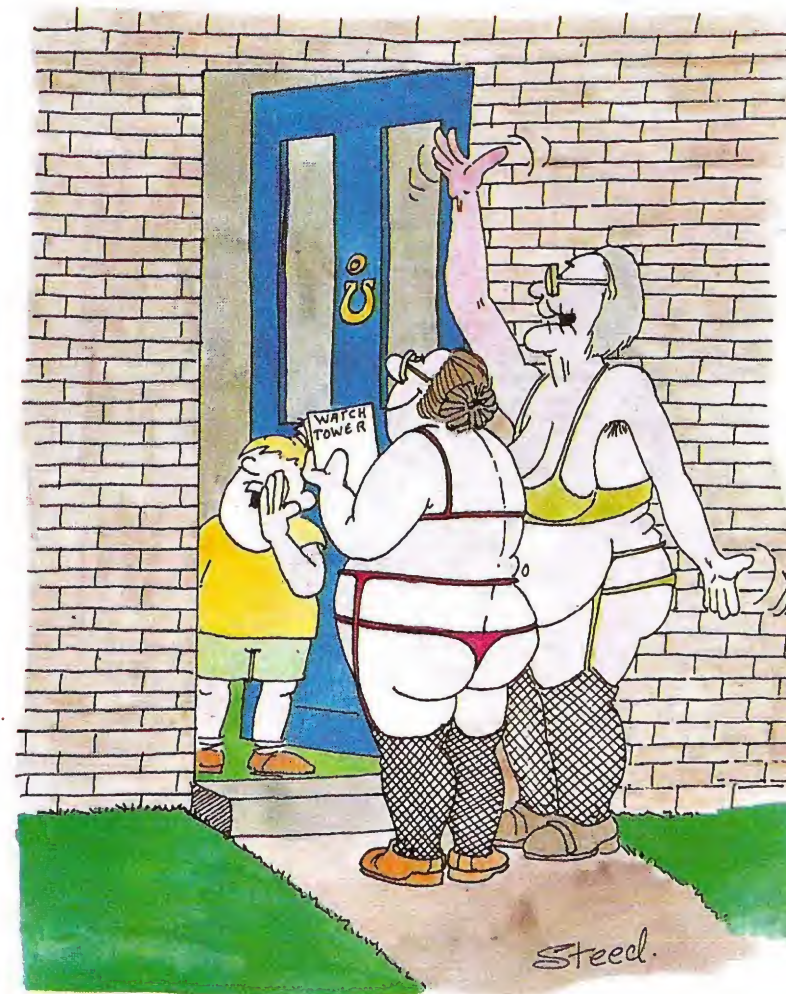




"Well, that's definitely not my husband!"



"That's Eric, a real company man!"



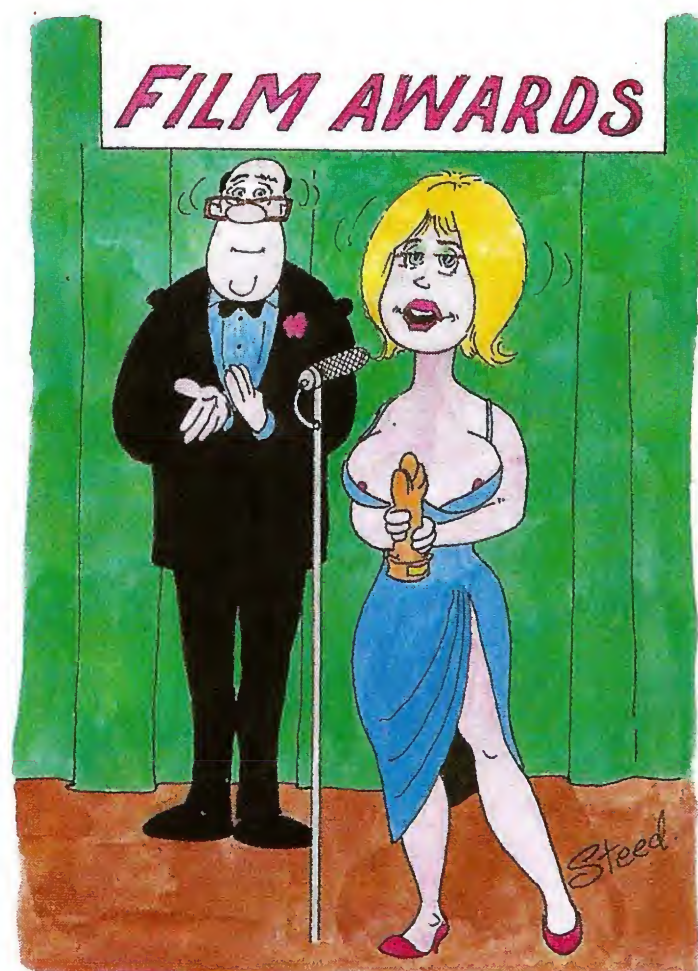
"Dad! It's a Jehova's Witness-o-Gram!"



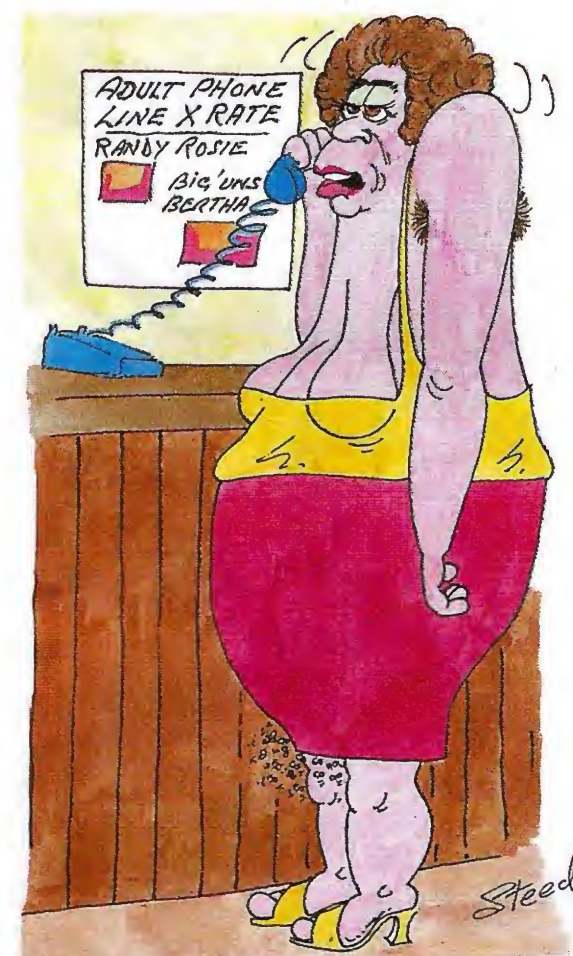
"...Bill on drums and Vic on short-circuited bass guitar!"

LAUGH WITH

Steed.



"A special thank-you to my producer whom I had to screw shitless to get the part in the first place..."



"...Here comes my friend, Big Betty, and...ooh, she's got a bottle of baby oil...!"



"Oh! I thought six months was a long time to sulk!"



"Now what have you two love-birds been up to while Mum and Dad were out?"

Last time we saw Daisy, she was pretending she'd been kicked off the set of 'Upstairs Downstairs' and wearing very little but a big smile and an even bigger mob-cap. How things change.

Daisy's gone a little up-market for this Silk & Satin Special, although she could still be in the same time zone. We've dispensed with the mock-Georgian furniture, lost the cami-knickers and bodice and proudly present (well, the girlie's doing all the proudly presenting, actually!) the new raunchier Daisy in a sexy little piece of naughtiness which looks so natural on her that our photographer missed it the first time around and had to go back for a close-up. At least, that was his story...

DAISY





PHOTOGRAPHED BY NICK GURGUL





mandy



Okay, heave your minds back to our Xmas Special issue, where Mandy was last seen delivering a little seasonal goodwill to our office boy, Alastair. Mandy hardly had time to climb out of her Santa suit (not that she had a lot of it left by the end!) then we whisked her back to this little number.

Mandy's nearly wearing a frilly little lace thingy with lots of stuff to make your bits stand on end. I was very interested in just what exactly these togs were made of and slipped a delicate little finger beneath one bra cup. The plaster-cast comes off next week...





PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW







BODIES BEAUTIFUL



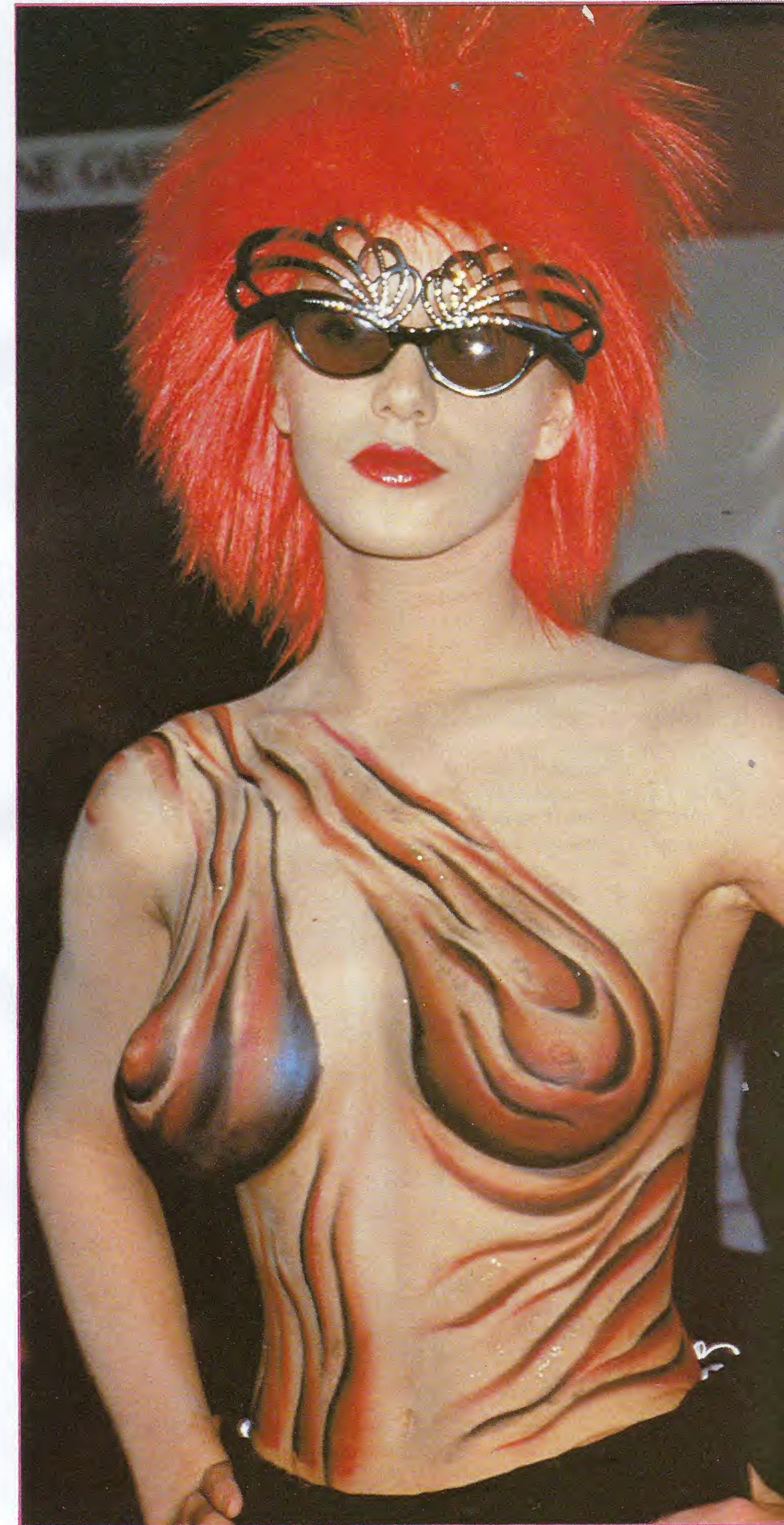
Knave proudly presents a selection of stunning shots from 'Mondial Coiffure et Beaute', which, for those of you without O Level French, roughly translates as 'The Festival of Hair and Beauty', held in Paris last year.



Photographs supplied by Camera Press Ltd.



Just feast your eyes on all those gorgeous . . . hairstyles! Please don't, however, ask your local salon to attempt anything like this on your wife. Their reply might not be polite!



BODIES BEAUTIFUL

continued from the previous page

A further selection of fancy French fillies from 'The Festival of Hair and Beauty'. Just out of professional interest, you understand, if any of our Parisian readers know who the model in the main picture is, we'd like to share that knowledge!



XIOU



If you're breaking your teeth on her name, it's pronounced zoo, and you'd better believe that this lady is wildlife at it's best. Xiou stopped off en route to her home in South Korea to do this set for us, and it was worth every penny of her air-fare.

Xiou works all over the world, and it was just sheer luck that she happened to be flying home from Stockholm to do some PR work for the Seoul olympics when she bumped into our photographer at Heathrow. Well, it's a short drive from London to Witham, and before she knew it, Xiou had her knickers off again. But enough of that — back to the photo-session...





PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW





XIOU
KNAVE



The Thing in the Bedroom

Sometimes, as any occult investigator will tell you, it would be a lot better if things *only* went bump in the night. *David Langford* insists this is just fiction.

The circle of initiates about the roaring fire in the King's Head bar had sadly decreased of late, entertaining though the conversation had always been. For one thing, the roaring fire had been superseded by a mournfully bonging radiator; even the popular Mr Jorkens had ceased to come when the landlord installed his third Space Invaders machine. On this particular evening there was little sparkle in the conversation, and far too much in the foaming keg beer: only Major Godalming, Carruthers and old Hyphen-Jones were present, and, passing by an easy transition from gassy beer to chemical warfare and military reminiscences in general, the Major was well into his much-thumbed anecdotes of the earlobe he lost to Rommel, the duelling scar acquired whilst in Heidelberg on a package tour, and the ugly *kukri* wound he'd received in Bradford. Carruthers and Hyphen-Jones yawned their appreciation and choked down their beer; half-formed excuses about not keeping the wife up too late seemed to be trembling in the air like ectoplasm, when a shadow fell across the table.

"My round, chaps?"

The speaker was tall, handsome, rugged: from his built-up shoes to his shoulder bag he was every inch an English gentleman.

"Smythe, my dear fellow!" the Major cried. "We'd given you up for dead!"

"And well you might," said Smythe. "It happened to me once, did death — you may remember me telling you about that hideous affair of the haunted percolator? For a short while, then, I was clinically dead. It was nothing. There are things much worse than death, worse by far . . ."

"Murrage's keg beer, for example?" suggested Carruthers.

The subtlety of this hint was not lost on Smythe, who took the empty glasses to the bar and in a mere twenty minutes returned with three beers and a stiff gin-and-tonic for himself.

"Cheers," said the Major. "Now where

have you been these last three months? Living abroad with some woman, I suppose, as you did for half a year after laying the ghost in that 'Astral Buffalo' case? Ah, you randy devil . . ."

"Not so," Smythe said laughingly. "For one reason and another I've merely been visiting a different class of pub, a different sort of bar, as shortly you will understand . . ."

"Well, dammit man, what was this case?" the Major boomed. "What was so much more terrible than death? You've changed, you know. The experience has set its mark upon you . . . by God! Your hair! I've only just noticed it's white!"

"Just a little bleach, my dear Major . . . I fancied myself as a blonde. But let me tell you of the case which must rank as one of the most baffling and sinister of my career . . . an appalling case of what I can only call *occult possession*."

"We had that last year," said Carruthers, scratching his head. "That business of the giant bat of Sumatra: or was it the giant cat? One frightful influence from beyond the world we know is very like another, I find."

Smythe settled himself more comfortably on his favourite stool, smiled, and opened a packet of potato crisps in the characteristic manner which told his friends that another fascinating narration was on its way, and that they were expected to buy drinks for the raconteur all the rest of the evening.

"As you know, I've gained some small reputation in matters of detection, the occult and the odd tricks of the mind . . ." Here Smythe distributed the customary business cards and mentioned the 10% discount he offered to friends . . . "And so it was that Mrs Pring brought her terrible problem to me, on the recommendation of a bosom friend who'd heard of my ad in the *Sunday Times* colour supplement. Mrs. Pring . . ."

"Ah, you incurable old womanizer," wheezed Hyphen-Jones. "Did Mr Pring find you out?"

Smythe gave him an austere glance,

and coldly ate another crisp. "Mrs Pring is a widow of forty-six, whose home is in the moderately appalling seaside resort of Dash. She lets out one room of her house under the usual bed-and-breakfast terms, personally I think the enterprise would be more successful if she did not apparently stuff the mattress with breakfast cereal and serve its former contents in a bowl each morning, but this is to anticipate. The story that Mrs Pring told to me three months ago was, like so many of the tales told in my office, strange, terrible and unique. Over the years, you see, my client had noticed a curious statistical trend as regards the people who stayed with her. She keeps a very detailed set of books, two in fact, and there was no possibility that her memory could be deceiving her. In brief: many gentlemen (to use her term) had undergone bed and breakfast at Mrs Pring's and for some reason which I find inexplicable had returned in subsequent years. Some women did the same: the odd point which caught Mrs Pring's attention was that young or even relatively young women tended not to return. In fact they tended to leave abruptly, with various noises of embarrassment and outrage, after no more than one night in the room. That Mrs Pring took several years to notice the phenomenon is perhaps best explained by her delicate state of health, which is only sustained by almost daily trips to buy medicinal liquids not sold by chemists. That Mrs Pring was properly alarmed by her discovery is shown by the fact that for a whole year she actually provided butter rather than margarine with the breakfast toast: it made no difference. What d'you make of that?"

"I suppose," said Carruthers slowly, "that some terrible tragedy had been enacted in that fatal room?"

Smythe looked startled, and dropped a crisp. "Well . . . yes, actually. However did you guess?"

"My dear fellow, I've been listening to your curious and unique tales for upwards of eight years."

THE THING IN THE BEDROOM Continued from previous page

"Well, never mind that. Mrs Pring evolved a theory that that all too unyielding mattress was infested, not with elementals as in that fearsome *Wriggling Eiderdown* case but with what in her rustic way she chose to call insects. As she put it, 'What I thought was, those bleeding things might be partial to young ladies what has nice soft skin . . . anyway, I reckoned I'd better have a kip-down there meself and see if anything comes crawling-like, bedbugs or flippin' fleas or whatever . . .' With uncommon fortitude, Mrs Pring did indeed pass a night in this spare room of hers. Her account of it is very confused indeed, but she remarked several times that something had indeed come a-crawling . . . but as to its nature and actions, she continually lapsed into a state of incoherence and embarrassment. The same embarrassment, you may note, with which her lady lodgers would so hurriedly leave."

The Major said: "And the next morning, I suppose, she came straight to you and asked for something to be done about it?"

Smythe studied each of his friends in turn, until Hyphen-Jones misinterpreted the dramatic pause and scurried to buy more drinks. "In point of fact," Smythe said quietly, "She first attempted to investigate the phenomenon more closely by sleeping in that room every night for the following six months. It seems that no other manifestation took place during all that time, as she informed me with some suppressed emotion; after a while she dismissed the experience as hallucination and thought little more of it until the first week of the new holiday season . . . when no less than three young women stayed a night and left without eating the margarine they'd paid for. One of them murmured something incoherent to Mrs Pring about a ghost that needed to be laid. It was then that Mrs Pring decided something must be done: and after checking that my fee was tax-deductible, she placed the matter in my hands."

"Why d'you suppose the Pring female only saw whatever-it-was the one time?" inquired Carruthers.

"My theory had to take into the fact that this was a chauvinist haunting, as you might put it, with a preference for young ladies quite contrary to the Sex Discrimination Act. The inference would seem to be that Mrs Pring, who is a lady of what is called a certain age, very rapidly lost her attraction for . . . let's call it the manifestation. Picture her as a glass of that repellent keg beer: one sip was quite enough for any person of taste."

"I'm beginning to get a vague but quite monstrous notion of what you're leading up to . . ." the Major observed slowly.

"It's worse than you think," Smythe assured him. "I know I shall never be the same again after the night I spent in that room."

"But . . ." said Hyphen-Jones querulously, before Smythe silenced him with a single charismatic gesture which tipped half a pint of beer into his lap.

"An exorcism seemed to be in order," said Smythe, "but first I had to know what I was up against. You recall that ghastly business of the Squeaking Room in Frewin Hall . . . the exorcism had no effect whatever upon those mice. When closely questioned, Mrs Pring retreated into blushes and giggles: I saw I'd have to keep a vigil there myself, and see what astral impressions my finely-trained nervous system might not glean from the



"I never failed . . . have you ever known me to tell the story of a case in which I failed?"

surroundings. Thus I travelled first-class to Dash, and Mrs Pring accompanied me back in (I'm glad to relate) a second-class carriage. The resort was as depressing as I'd foreseen, rather like an extensive penal colony by the sea; Mrs Pring's house corresponded roughly to the maximum security block. Anyway, I steeled myself against the appalling *Presence* which pervaded the place . . . chiefly a smell of boiled cabbage . . . and readied myself to pass a night within the haunted room. I assured Mrs Pring that I never failed . . . have you ever known me to tell the story of a case in which I failed?"

Hyphen-Jones looked up again. "What about that time when . . . ouch!" Some paranormal impulse had helped the rest of his beer to find its way into his lap.

"So I assured her, as I said, that I never failed . . . ah, little did I know! . . . and that whatever dwelt in that room was as good as exorcized. I fancied, you know, that she looked regretful . . . as though admitting to herself that a favourite aunt who'd committed several chainsaw massacres should probably be locked up, but admitting it regretfully. So, one by one, I ascended the creaking stairs to that room of dread. The dying sun peered through its single window in a flood of grimy yet eldritch radiance. But there was nothing sinister about the place saving the peeling wallpaper, whose green-and-purple pattern set me brooding for some reason on detached retinas. I waited there, as darkness fell, all lights extinguished to minimize the etheric interference . . ."

"And what happened, old boy?" cried Carruthers. "What happened to you?"

"Precisely what I'd expected: nothing at all. Whatever haunted that room was staying a male chauvinist pig to the very last. The only moment when a thrill went through me was when I heard a clock strike midnight far out across the town . . . the witching hour . . . the moment when my consultation rates switched from time-and-a-half to double time. Presently dawn came, and this being the seaside resort of Dash it wasn't even a proper rosy dawn: more like a suet pudding rising in the east. An appalling place."

"Over breakfast, when not pitting my teeth against Mrs Pring's famous vintage toast, I questioned her closely about the room's history. As you know, we occult sleuths can deduce a great deal from the answers to innocuous-seeming questions; after some routine enquiries about whether, for example, she regularly celebrated the Black Mass in the room in question, I subtly asked her, 'Mrs Pring, has some terrible tragedy been enacted in that fatal room?' She denied this loudly and angrily, saying, 'What kind of a house do you think I bleeding well keep here? I've had no complaints and no-one's ever snuffed it on my premises, not even Mr Brosnan what had the food-poisoning, which he must have got from chips or summat brought in against me house rules . . . you'll not get no food-poisoning from my bacon-an-eggs sir.'"

"I was tolerably well convinced that I wouldn't, since after noting how many times Mrs Pring dropped the bacon on the floor I had taken the precaution of secreting mine under the table-cloth (where I was interested to find several other rashers left by previous visitors). After a short silence during which she tested the temperature of the teapot with one finger and apparently found it satisfactory, Mrs Pring added: 'Of course there was always poor Mr Nicholls all those years ago.'"

"We occult sleuths are trained to seize instantly on apparent trivia. Casually I threw out the remark, 'What about poor Mr Nicholls?'"

"Oh, 'e had a terrible accident, he did. Oh, it was awful, sir. What a lucky thing he wasn't married. What happened, you see, he caught himself in the door somehow, which I could understand, him being clumsy by nature and having such a . . . Well, lucky he wasn't married is what I always said, and of course 'e wouldn't get married after that. I heard tell he went into the civil service instead. Oooh sir, you don't *think* . . . ?"

"I do indeed think precisely that, Mrs Pring," I told her solemnly. We occult sleuths are, as you can imagine, sufficiently accustomed to such phenomena as disembodied hands or heads haunting some illfavoured spot, and I've even encountered one disembodied foot . . . you remember it, the 'Howling Bunion' case which drove three Archbishops to the asylum. I conjectured now that the un-

fortunate Mr Nicholls, though it seemed that most of him still lived, was a man of parts and haunted Mrs Pring's room still. Upon hearing my theory, the landlady seemed less shocked and horrified than I would have expected. 'Fancy that,' she remarked, with a look of peculiar vacancy, and added, 'I ought to 'ave recognised him, at that.' I did not press my questioning any further."

"What a frightful story," shivered Carruthers. "To think of that poor Mr Nicholls, never able to know the pleasure of women again."

"In that," said Smythe in a strange voice, "I share his fate."

There was a tremulous pause. Smythe licked his lips, squared his shoulders. "I must have a trickle," he remarked, and departed the room amid whispered comments and speculations as to whether or not there was something odd in the way he walked.

"My strategy," Smythe continued presently, "was to lure the manifestation into the open so it might be exorcized by the Ritual of the Astral League. You need damnably supple limbs for that ritual, but it has great power over elementals, manifestations and parking meters. But how to lure this ab-human entity into sight? Mrs Pring no longer had charms for it, which was understandable and I could hardly ask some innocent young women to expose herself to what I now suspected to lurk in that room."

"In the end I saw there was only one thing to be done. During the day I made certain far from usual purchases in the wholly God-forsaken town of Dash, and also paid a visit to a local hairdresser's. You remarked, did you not, my dear Major, that I'd gone ash-blond with fright? I cleared the furniture from that bedroom and made my preparations . . . having first instructed Mrs Pring to remain downstairs and presented her with a bottle of her favourite medicine to ensure she did so. Now the water in that town, I suspected, was not pure: instead I consecrated a quantity of light ale and with it marked out my usual protective pentacle. This was a mark-IX Carnacki pentacle, guaranteed impervious to any materialised ectoplasmic phenomena specified in British Standard 3704."

"In the early evening I carried out the last stages of my plan, undressing and changing into the clothes I'd bought amid some small embarrassment. There was a exquisite form-fitting black dress with its skirt slashed almost to the hip; beneath this dress, by certain stratagems well known to us occult consultants, I contrived a magnificent bosom for myself. I need scarcely trouble you with the minor details of the sensual perfume guaranteed to send any male bar the unfortunate Mr Nicholls into instant tachycardia, or the pastel lipstick which so beautifully complemented my eyes, or the sheer black stockings which I drew over my carefully shaven legs, or . . ."

"All right, all right," said the Major,

gulping hastily at his beer. "I think we get the general idea."

"Be like that if you must. I waited there in the huge pentacle, in a room lit only by the flickering candles I'd acquired from the occult-supplies counter at the local Woolworths. As I stood there I could see myself in the mirror screwed to one wall (presumably because Mrs Pring felt her guests might well smuggle out any six-by-four-foot mirror that wasn't screwed down): I was magnificent, I tell you, a vision of . . . oh, very well, if you insist."

"I waited there with the tension mounting, waiting for whatever might (so to speak) come, and the candles gradually burnt down. The room filled with bodings of approaching abomination, as of a dentist's waiting room. Suddenly I



"As though Mrs. Pring were boiling vast quantities of luminous paint in the kitchen below . . ."

realised there was a strange luminescence about me, a very pale fog of light that filled the air, as though Mrs Pring were boiling vast quantities of luminous paint in the kitchen below. With fearful slowness the light coagulated, condensed, contracted towards a point in the air some eighteen inches from the floor; abruptly it took definite shape and I saw the throbbing, ectoplasmic form of the *thing* that haunted this room for so long. It was larger than I'd expected, perhaps nine inches from end to end; it wavered this way and that in the air as though seeking something in a curious one-eyed manner; the thought occurred to me that it had formed atop the bed and centrally positioned, or at least would have done so had I not previously removed the bed. Even as this notion flared in my mind like a flashbulb, the Thing appeared to realise there was nothing to support it now: it flopped quite solidly and audibly to the floor."

"Audibly?" Hyphen-Jones quavered. "With a thud, or a clatter, or . . . ?"

Smythe darted an impatient glance at him. "With the sound of a large frankfurter falling from a height of eighteen inches onto wooden floorboards, if you wish to be precise. The horror of it! These solid manifestations are the most terrible and inarguable of spiritual perils . . . it's definitely easier to deal with an astral entity which *can't* respond with a sudden blow to your solar plexus. And worst of all, something which might have sent my hair white if I hadn't already dyed it this rather fetching col-

our, the Thing had now fallen *inside* the pentacle, with me! Again, imagine the horror of it, the feeling of spiritual violation: already my outer defences had been penetrated. The ab-human embodiment reared up, questing this way and that like a cobra readying its strike — and then it began to move my way. I utterly refuse to describe the manner in which it moved, but I believe there are caterpillars which do the same thing. If so, they have no shame. I knew that a frightful peril was coming for me . . . it's always horribly dangerous when something materialises inside your very defences, though this wasn't perhaps as bad as in that Phantom Trumpeter case: you remember it, where the spectral elephant took solid form in my all too small pentacle? But in this particular situation I felt I was safe from the worst, at least."

"Why were you safe from the worst?" asked the fuddled Hyphen-Jones.

"A matter of anatomy," Smythe said evasively, and left Hyphen-Jones to work it out. "Still, I was too confident, as it happened. The only safe course was to get out of that room and perhaps try to bag it with a long-range exorcism from the landing . . . What I did was to experiment with a little of the consecrated ale left over from making the pentacle. I flicked some at the crawling Thing as it snaked its way towards me, and . . . well, it must have been peculiarly sensitive. It positively dribbled with rage, and vanished in a burst of ectoplasm."

"I believed the Thing must have withdrawn itself for the night, abandoning its rigid form and returning to the nameless Outer Spheres. Again, I'd fallen into the trap of over-confidence . . . I was still standing there in my fatally gorgeous ensemble when once again that luminous fog filled the air about me and . . . no, I can't bring myself to describe what happened then. Certain of the older grimoires recommend that practitioners of the magical arts, black or white, should ritually seal each of the nine orifices of the body as part of the preliminaries. I believe I now know why."

"My God, you don't mean . . . ?" said Carruthers, but seemed to lack the vocabulary or inclination to take the sentence further. Hyphen-Jones appeared to be counting under his breath.

"Well, I'll be buggered," the Major murmured.

Tersely Smythe explained how, pausing only to waive his fee and advise that Mrs Pring should sleep henceforth in the cursed room whilst renting out her own, he'd departed without so much as changing his clothing.

"So my life was transformed by that Thing in the Bedroom," he concluded gaily. "Now let me tell you of my newest case, one which I was formerly reluctant to investigate . . . the matter of the haunted chamber in the Café Royal, where the shade of Oscar Wilde is said to (at the very least) walk . . ."

FRITZI



At this stage in a casual pursual of the magazine you should be hitting the girlie mag equivalent of what marathon runners refer to as the wall. The precise nomenclature of this phenomenon in girlie mag terms escapes me for the moment. But suffice it to say that there's no better cure than a hefty dose of Fritz! reclining on space blankets brought to you courtesy of the lower intestines of a whole bunch of very dedicated silkworms.









SALLY



Sally, who lives of course on Silk Alley, has skin as silken, smooth, soft and supple as ... well ... as silken, smooth, soft and supple as her skin. This is what we girlie blurb writers call a "tautology". In other words a total cop-out. What with the shiny stuff and our own innate fetishistic tendencies, what more can we say than we like what we see and we see what we like? Some days of the week anyhow.







PHOTOGRAPHED BY NICK GURGUL





"I'm sorry, I'm a stranger here myself..."



"Of course I took precautions — didn't you see me get that rabbit's foot out of my handbag?"

LAUGH WITH

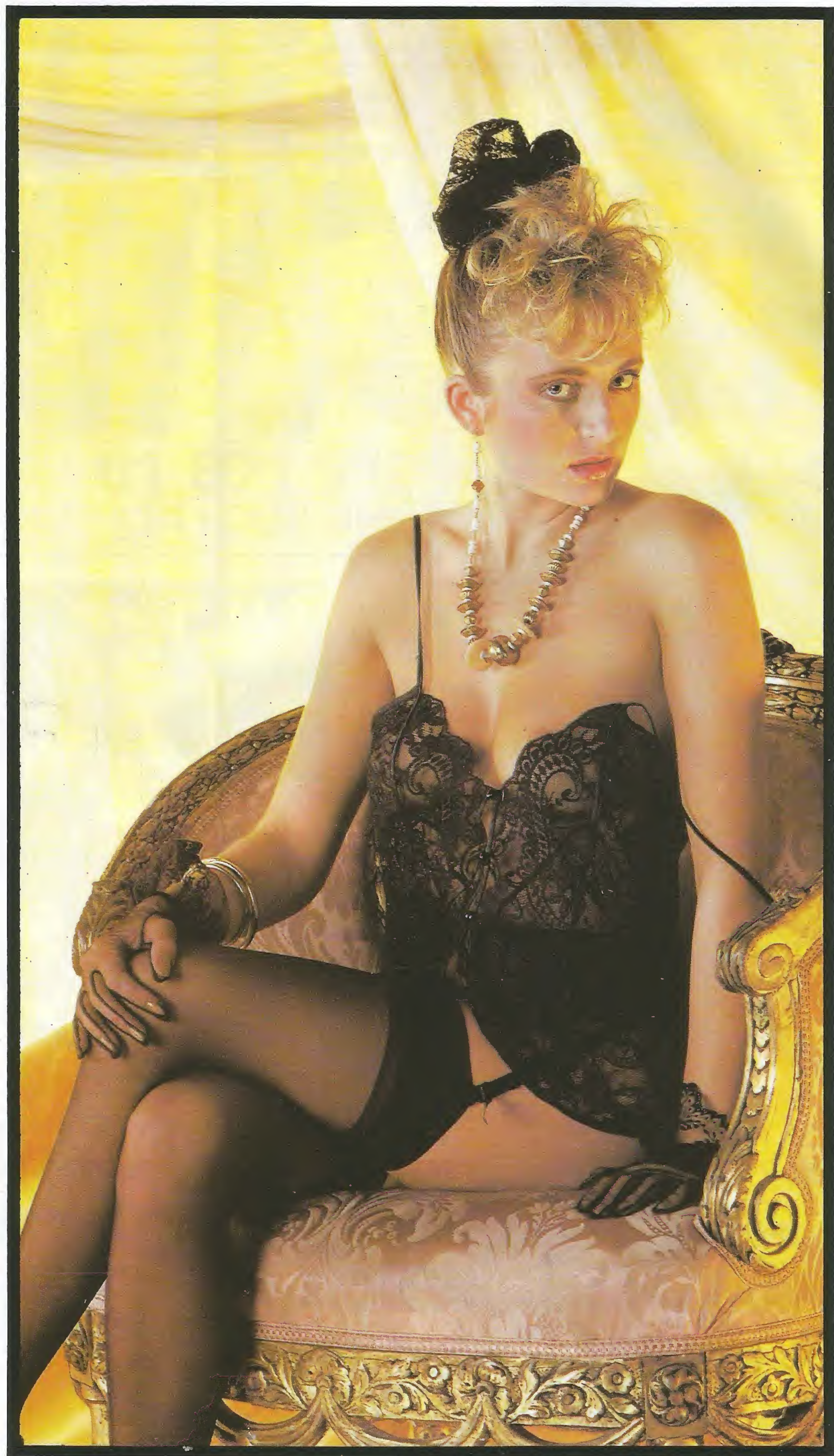
Wing



"Well, where the hell do you think garden gnomes come from?"



LILITH



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES FREEMAN



According to my Book Of Absolutely Outrageous Names, Lilith means "woman of the night". Um... I'm not sure what that's supposed to imply, but I think, in this case, I'm going to guess.

Lilith, I'm told, used to be a solicitor's clerk, but found that her briefs spent more time on the floor than they did on her boss's desk. This alarming piece of information was greeted by leering grins from the dubious inebriates here, until we told them that "briefs" in this case meant something that could land someone in jail. They seemed to relate to that...





ORENDA



The pun department has gone. Closed for good. No more wicked witticisms. Finito. El Gutto himself has spoken. Why, you may wonder? The truth is they just went too far and overstepped the bounds of decency, nobleness and chivalry which the Editor of Knave champions. The bastards didn't even lay their jaundiced eyes on Orenda's ample charms so graphically draped all over the shiny stuff. All they did was spot the name, leap straight to their word processors and make with the word play. Orenda, they thought, sounds like 'orrendous! A sacking offence, I'm sure you'll agree.





PHOTOGRAPHED BY NICK GURGUL



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PLUS **GIRLS,**
GIRLS,
GIRLS!

It Happened To Me . . .

Every now and then, we like to resurrect *It Happened To Me* — one of our more popular features from days past. Here are more tales of sexual exploits from our lascivious library of lust. Hold on to your hats — it's gonna get bumpy!

A HAPPY FOURSOME GO MESSING ABOUT ON THE RIVER... WITH OBVIOUS RESULTS!

I expect that many people have doubted all the claims about the extravagant sex life enjoyed by students in Cambridge. However, the following account may give some idea of the sorts of things that do go on — if you're lucky!

It was in the middle of last summer. Since the weather was so good, four of us decided to take a punt up the river away from the city and into the surrounding countryside. My three companions were Denys, an Indian guy; Kathy, whom I've known for a few years; and Ophelia, who, for obvious reasons, prefers to be called Philly.

Despite the obvious attractiveness of the two girls — both Kathy and Philly are among the best-looking females in the faculty — sex was not really on my mind that afternoon. In fact, I was much more interested in the considerable quantity of booze which was loaded onto the punt prior to setting off.

The slow journey upstream was pleasant, if unremarkable: each of us took turns doing the actual punting while the other three would concentrate on consuming the alcohol and soaking up the blazing sunshine. By the time we had gone about 2 miles out of town, we were all feeling pretty hazy.

It was inevitable that someone would eventually slip on the soaking tailboard and fall in. Philly obliged, sliding quite happily off the edge of the punt and causing the first real entertainment of the afternoon. She quickly swam back to the punt and clambered aboard with the aid of Deny's helping hand.

To my surprise and delight, the water had made her T-shirt almost completely transparent and, since she never wore a bra when the weather was good, her large, full tits were clearly visible. The cold water had stiffened her nipples and the

overall effect sent familiar twinges through my groin. She sat on the tailboard, obviously quite tipsy and giggling which added greatly to her attractiveness. The three of us laughed at her dripping condition, but I could sense that Denys, like myself, was rapidly gaining an interest in those boobs.

Philly then suggested that we should stop the punt, since she wanted to go and lie down in the meadow in order to dry off a little. we agreed, and moored the punt at a particularly attractive bend in the river. Philly quickly jumped out and ran into

the middle of the longish grass. Denys and I made sure that she never left our sight since it was pretty obvious that she would be stripping off.

Sitting in the middle of the meadow, she was scarcely visible above the grass, but the removal of her T-shirt was easily discernible, and her general movements suggested that her jeans were also being taken off. I felt a strong urge to join her in the field, and a casual glance at Deny's groin confirmed that his thoughts were along the very same lines.

He had often intimated that his endowment was rather better than average, we had assumed that such talk was either straightforward bravado or light-hearted exaggeration. However, the absolutely massive bulge in his jeans — probably about 10" at a fairly conservative estimate — certainly confirmed the truth of his many claims; I felt rather ordinary compared to my huge Indian friend.

Obviously, Kathy's eyes had also noticed Deny's throbbing erection for, to my annoyance, she suggested that he should join Philly in the middle of the field, hinting at the goodies that might be available. It was fairly common knowledge that Denys hadn't done much screwing during the previous few months and this, combined with the booze and the sight of Philly minus most of her clothes only a short distance away, persuaded him

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"The water had made her T-shirt almost completely transparent and, since she never wore a bra when the weather was good, her large, full tits were clearly visible."



IT HAPPENED TO ME

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to take up Kathy's suggestion. He leapt out of the punt and ran up the river bank and into the meadow to join her.

I half hoped that his advances wouldn't be successful, so that I could have a go at her myself. However, since he didn't return, and since my occasional glance caught the familiar sight of a male body pumping rhythmically between welcoming female thighs, Denys had obviously met with little or no resistance. Quite disappointed at not getting my own cock inside Philly's very desirable body, I lay back in the punt and concentrated on finishing off the remains of the bottle of whisky.

As I lay there, eyes closed and left hand clutching the almost-drained bottle, I began to feel the sensitive touch of female fingers running over my semi-erect penis. I half-opened my eyes to find that Kathy had moved to my side in the punt and, with her face at about my groin level, was gently stroking the clearly visible outline of my prick. So, this was why she had got rid of Denys!

"She did as I asked, slowly and carefully easing my cock out into the open, and pushing down my jeans for maximum comfort."

I had known Kathy for at least three years, but for no apparent reason, had never thought of her in sexual terms. Friends had often told me that she "fancied" me, but I had just thought of her as merely a good friend. Silly me!

However, the attention that she was now paying me was certainly having the desired effect! The combi-

nation of the warm sun and her gentle strokes caused my cock to swell quickly to its full length and girth. My tight jeans were far from comfortable due to my over-excited state, so I quietly whispered to her that it might be a good idea if she opened my jeans and extracted the rigid contents.

She did as I asked, slowly and carefully easing my cock out into the open, and pushing down my jeans for maximum comfort. By now, I was beginning to get pretty interested in the situation that was developing, and I motioned to her to adjust her position into something approaching 69. She did so without further persuasion and, as her crotch came within range of my face, I felt the delicious sensation of her moist lips advancing slowly over my rampant cock, and her darting tongue drawing erotic patterns around the base of my glans.

Instinctively, I began to pump my throbbing dick into her warm, soft mouth; at the same time unzipping her jeans and sliding them and her pants quickly over her hips and down towards her knees and beyond. She

raised her legs to allow me to remove her pants altogether, and then spread her thighs provocatively.

By this point, I needed no persuasion whatever, eagerly covering her pussy with my mouth and quickly finding her clitoris. She responded immediately to my stimulation, groaning loudly and moving her cunt up and down as if to meet



some approaching prick. I slid two fingers into her soaking slit, eliciting an even more audible series of groans.

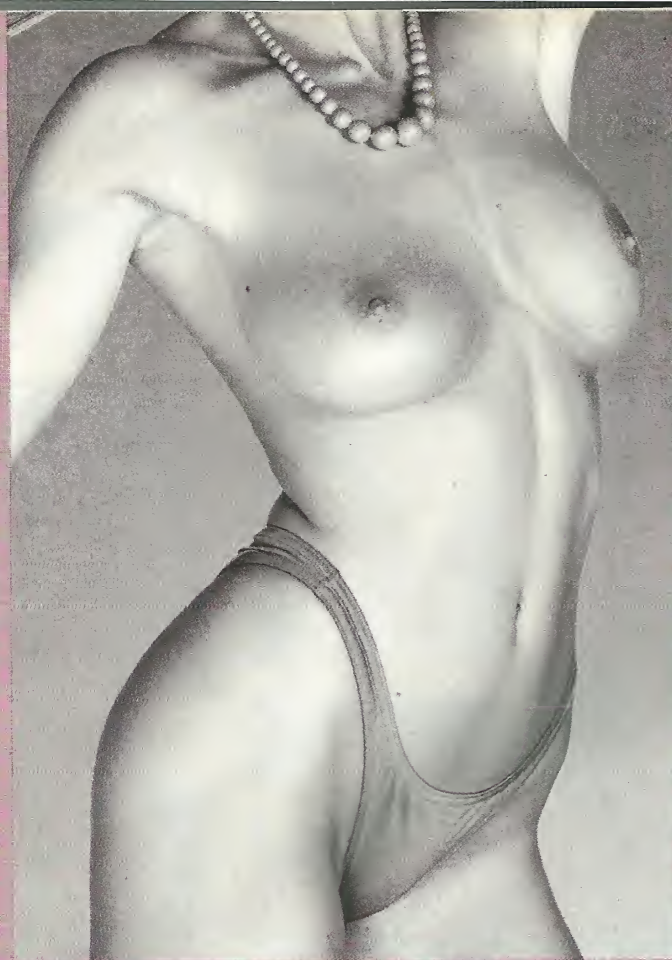
Despite the considerable pleasure of what she was doing to me, I desperately wanted to get my cock between her inviting labia. I groaned something to this effect, and she agreed. Within a few seconds we had changed positions and I was ramming into her furiously from behind as she violently rubbed her clitoris from the front. I realized that I was going to come very soon, and virtually ripped off her T-shirt so that I could get my greedy hands on her dangling tits. I squeezed her breasts hard, it seemed to add to her

ecstasy.

She screamed something about how she had wanted this from me for all the years we had been at Cambridge together, and how she had often longed to have my cock inside her. I sort-of apologized, assuring her that this would not be the last time that she would feel me pounding between her thighs. This excited her enormously, and she thrust herself back onto my aching tool, just about managing to gasp out the message that she was coming fast! I could hold back no longer, and felt her whole body soften as we came together.

Philly and Denys returned a few minutes

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IT HAPPENED TO ME

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later and found us lying together, more or less re-clothed and very exhausted. They had screwed once, but their second attempt had been abandoned when a passing young Irish motor-cyclist had stopped to witness the goings-on and had yelled something about public decency. We all assumed that he was jealous — he probably didn't have much opportunity to partake in such afternoon delights back home! — *Jeremy, Cambridge.*

BIG BRIAN'S WIFE WAS GETTING A BIT SORE WHERE IT COUNTED, SO BRIAN'S FRIEND SUGGESTED HE TRY HIS WIFE FOR SIZE!

I would like to tell your readers of a most fantastic experience which happened to me a few weeks ago. My wife and I have been mar-

ried for fifteen years and have a pretty good relationship, both sexually and socially. She has extremely long legs and a gorgeous body which belies her 34 years.

It all started when my friend Brian phoned us and told us that he had split up with his wife. It came as quite a shock to us, because they had always seemed very happy. We popped over that weekend and when my wife asked him what had happened he said:

"Don't think me crude, but Doreen is very small and I am on the big side, and she could never take it all comfortably. I always ended up very frustrated."

Jean and I looked at each other and let the matter drop. I thought no more of it. But Jean started playing about on the way home in the car, which told me she wanted a 'seeing-to' when we got home!

When we got into bed I couldn't believe the state she was in. It usually takes five or ten minutes to get

her wet enough, but, this time, when she opened her legs the juice was flooding out. As we fucked she seemed possessed and when she was satisfied I lay there wondering what could possibly have happened to get her so turned on. Then I suddenly realised it had been Brian talking about his big tool!

I was annoyed at first, but after a while the idea began to turn me on, so much so that picturing my wife accepting on over-large prick became an obsession. I just had to try to engineer a session.

Firstly I decided to make sure that my wife really was hot for him, so after visiting him one evening I casually mentioned to Jean that he had shown me the prick which had ruined his marriage. I said it was no wonder that Doreen could not take it all, as it was massive — hanging thick and solid!

She didn't seem to pay a lot of attention, but, sure enough, when we got into bed she was wet between her legs and really begging to be fucked hard, so much so that when I finished she still needed more, which was very unusual.

that I would have to get up early and leave while everybody was still asleep.

In the spare bedroom where Brian was to sleep there is a big cupboard built into the roof, and I had already decided that this was where I would be when Jean woke him up on Saturday morning with a cup of tea.

We went to bed and I was very excited at the prospect of what was in store for Jean. She, also, was very sexy, but I refused, pleading that I had to get up early. After what seemed an eternity of tossing and turning, Jean fell asleep. I lay there a further hour to make sure, and then I got up, dressed, and went downstairs to make some tea. I took a sleeping bag from the downstairs store room, sneaked upstairs and crept into Brian's bedroom, and placed it and a flask of tea in the cupboard. I went back downstairs, got in my car and drove half a mile away, parked it, and hurried back to the house.

I just managed to get a bit of sleep in the cupboard, and at about seven I heard Jean moving about on the landing and then

"It usually takes five or ten minutes to get her wet enough, but, this time, when she opened her legs the juice was flooding out..."

The plan was now to get them together in a situation where I was out of the way, and then see what happened.

I invited Brian over for the weekend, he arrived on the Friday evening. When I got home from work I said something had cropped up at work, and that I had to meet a client in Birmingham at nine on Saturday morning! This meant

sounds from the kitchen. Then the door opened, and, looking through the grill in the cupboard door, I knew that something was going to happen. Jean had on her sexiest nightdress, with no housecoat. She bent over Brian, shook him, and said she'd make some tea.

Her breasts were nearly hanging in his mouth as he

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IT HAPPENED TO ME

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opened his eyes, and he did what any man would do — stick his tongue out to kiss her. That was all she needed, back came the covers and she seemed fascinated when she saw his tool! It was massive, and I thought even Jean would have trouble.

The next half hour was fantastic, I can't describe my feelings. She got him hard and was begging for it, he put it inside her eventually and even though it was hurting she kept moaning and asking him not to stop, to keep pushing it up inside her.

"Her breasts were nearly hanging in his mouth as he opened his eyes, and he did what any man would do."

Finally he had it all in, he lifted her legs up and started to pump slowly at first until she urged him with language I'd never heard from her to "fuck her harder". He didn't need asking twice, he rammed into her with more and more force until I was sure he was going to burst her insides. She just went crazy, though. It didn't seem to be hurting her too much as she writhed around totally out of control. She was digging her heels into the small of his back and clawing his back with her nails, making long red marks. He kept on and on pumping into her, she was screaming and sobbing and she must have come several times until, at last, he relaxed after spunking into her.

They lay there together for some time after he got off her. She was spread out on her back, occasionally quivering and touching herself between her legs, reliv-

ing what had just happened. Brian seemed exhausted — hardly surprising after his exertions. I stayed there, not daring to move, and I wondered what was going to happen next. I didn't have long to wait, after a while she rolled over and got on top of him in the 69 position, and started licking his cock back to life again. He grabbed her bum and pulled her down to his face so that he could sink his tongue into her cunt, wriggling it around and soon making her squirm again. They lay like this for some time, slowly bringing each other off. She, again,

came first, although not so noisily this time, and soon afterwards I could see her hungrily swallowing his sperm. I got so worked up watching them that I came too, without even touching myself.

They got up after this, he left fairly soon and, after about half an hour, she too went out of the house, presumably to go shopping. I let myself out of the house and went back to the car, my thoughts still full of the sexy goings-on that I had witnessed. I couldn't help it, I just had to have a wank in the car, that's what it did to me. — *R.S., Brighton.*

HIS WIFE LET HIM PLAY THE FIELD, BUT WHEN JANE CAME ALONG, SHE WAS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR HIM...

I am in my early forties, a director of a small com-

pany, married with teenage children. My wife and I enjoy very good and varied sex sessions, but her need is nowhere near so great as mine, with the result that over the past fifteen years I have taken a few very special lovers.

If couples can control any jealous feelings and remain faithful to each other in such circumstances, life can be so much better for both of them.

One affair that I have wonderful memories of was with a girl called Jane. It all started very casually, I had changed jobs and was working in a building which provided us with accommodation on three floors. I spent much of my time travelling about, with the result that in the first six weeks of being in the job I made contact with only a few of my fellow employees.

One morning, however, at about 9.30 I was being too lazy to run upstairs, preferring to wait for the lift to take me to the boss's office. Suddenly the lift arrived, the automatic doors opened, and out came all my dreams of a pair of boobs clad in a very tight red sweater. The owner of this delightful 'equipment' followed, she was about 5'7", a honey blonde, not too slim, wearing a mini which only just covered a lovely arse. We chatted briefly, exchanging small talk, and I was so absorbed with this beauty that the lift doors closed and it went away before I could get in, (to the lift, that is).

This, of course, was Jane. A week or two passed during which I saw Jane in the street returning to the office after lunch once or twice, and we chatted briefly each time. I had done my 'homework' as

well, I learned that she had been married for about eighteen months, was a bit of a tease to the men in the office — but nothing more, had no family, and was considered by males and females alike to be rather conceited.

I was then invited to a retirement party for one of the staff members I hardly knew. I agreed to go, but due to work pressures I arrived late.

"Hello, Pete, I didn't know you were here — come and join us." It was Jane beckoning me to join her with a group of five or six girls seated in a small alcove. I hadn't realised until then that Jane was there.

The evening was nothing special, just chat and a few drinks. When the party broke up I asked, more in hope than anything else, if

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Jane and another girl said that they did. This was my lucky break — and I wasn't going to miss it, but I knew I had to be careful, otherwise I would miss out. So, I arranged my route so that the other girl was dropped off first, I then had about half a mile to go to Jane's home.

It was approaching midnight and I asked her if her husband minded her being out late. She replied that she had told him that she would be home at 12.30. I then told her what an effect she had had on me when she came out of the lift. She listened intently as we drove, but seemed embarrassed and flustered, almost as though no-one had ever told her before how beautiful she was.

Suddenly she said, "Turn in here." It was a cul-de-sac to a park entrance. I parked, nothing happened for a while as we chatted. As the time approached 12.25 I told her that I ought to be getting her home. She didn't really let me finish before she fell into my arms. I was not wearing a jacket while I was driving, and as we kissed she pressed those beautiful boobs into me.

My prick was straining at maximum size and as our tongues explored each other's mouths she reached down and gave it a long, hard squeeze.

I thought we were going to go all the way, but suddenly she said, "Well thanks for the lift, please take me home now." No questions, I did just that, thinking that all the lads at work were right, this girl was a bloody tease. However, although I had to be out of the office the next day I thought I would take the initiative — nothing to lose! So, I left a note on her desk thanking her for the pleasant evening and *telling* her to take the following Tuesday afternoon off from work. I also told her where to meet me.

I didn't see Jane that morning and the following Tuesday. However, I went to the meeting place, a couple of minutes late, and on my way I couldn't help feeling that I was wasting my time. But I wasn't — she was there! It was a warm spring day and she was wearing a pretty dress with a low plunging neckline. Her first words were, "You're late, I'm too impatient to be kept waiting."

The car I had was a large old Humber with a bench

seat in the front. We got in, and as I drove off down the busy dual carriageway leading out of town she thanked me for asking her out. With that she slid off the seat and knelt on the floor facing me. This allowed me to see right down her low-cut dress, I reached down and with my left hand stroked Jane's neck and boobs. No resistance — just a sweet smile, so I slid my hand inside her bra. I had just located a very hard and erect nipple when I had to stop suddenly at traffic lights. This brought 'activities' to a temporary halt, but then Jane reached behind her and undid the clasp on her bra — I was terrified in case anyone could see what was going on!

five miles out of town. The road was quiet and straight once again. I was able to slide my left hand down the front of Jane's blouse and cup those beautiful boobs. I longed to gaze at them fully exposed, but with my driving having to be my first preoccupation, I could only take glances at those superbly stiff nipples.

Having my balls and cock stroked, tickled and sucked by Jane, I was on the verge of shooting my load. I knew that I had to stop somewhere and really enjoy this. Almost immediately I saw an open gateway to a field, I slowed and turned into it, parking the car by some grass on the edge of some tall crop.

At first Jane seemed upset that we had stopped,

"My prick was straining at maximum size and as our tongues explored each other's mouths she reached down and gave it a long, hard squeeze."

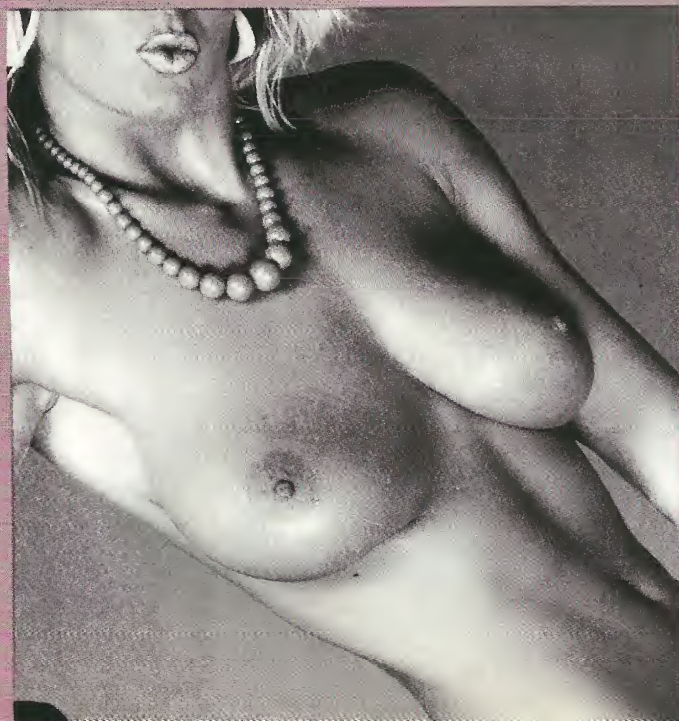
The lights changed and I drove off. However, before I could engage top gear Jane had put her hand on my crotch and was stroking my prick in a really sexy way. She said, "You're quite a big boy, aren't you? My husband's quite small really, and in any case he can't stay long enough to send me over the top." She pulled my zip down and dragged old JT out into the air, and started to give me a magnificent blow job. We were still driving, but out of town now. I felt totally, but beautifully trapped. I had to attend to my driving, and yet I was slowly being sent out of this world by this lovely creature on her knees at my feet.

I turned off the main road, we were now some

but after a long, lingering, and tongue-probing kiss I told her that she should have her share of the enjoyment. So, she suggested that we took a walk in the warm sunshine.

Jane kicked off her shoes and walked barefoot in the grass. We were well away from civilization, there was not a house in sight. To cross a burn I lifted her up and carried her over, she remarked that her husband was hardly strong enough to carry her! As I put Jane's feet to the ground I slid one hand right up the back of her legs, but outside her dress, so as to feel all the contours of her thighs and arse. I knew then that she was wearing stockings and suspenders, and I really longed to explore those

continued on page 127



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IT HAPPENED TO ME

continued from page 125 —
bare areas of thigh.

Suddenly Jane cried out. She had stepped on something sharp, she thought it was a thorn but could see nothing in her foot. I offered to look at her foot, she hesitated but I picked her up and sat down with her on top of me. I sat her down beside me, then jumped up and held her foot up to examine. Jane was protesting and laughing. I said that I could not examine a covered foot and that her stockings would have to come off. She tried to wriggle away but I held her foot tightly in one hand, and ran the other hand down the inside of her leg and thigh. My trousers were nearly bursting with the hard-on that I had, I could see straight down the inside of Jane's lovely thighs. Her suspender belt was white, and her panties were white with black trimmings. They were pulled so tightly into her slit that her cunt lips and some wisps of curly fair hair stuck out through the material's edge. I went straight down and feasted myself on her glorious honey-pot. The slight breeze was warm, and as it blew through the tall grass around us Jane pushed herself so hard against me that her cunt was almost ramming my tongue back down my throat. She was revelling in the 'therapy', and had hooked her legs across my back so as to keep me firmly against her.

She said:

"We are being naughty. Do you realise this is adultery?" Then she sighed, and added, "But it's so very good, let's go on and on and have hundreds more sessions like this." It was by then 4.30 in the afternoon. I asked Jane if she had to

get home before her husband came in from work. She replied, "Certainly not, we've lots more to do — he can wait." We sat up in the gently swaying grass, we kissed passionately while I turned her towards me and squeezed her large firm boobs. As we continued to kiss I slid my hands down and under her dress and lifted it slowly to let her glorious boobs see the light of day. I pulled the dress off over her head and it came off together with her bra.

Naked, she was stunning, a goddess — who suddenly attacked me, pulling off my shirt and trousers with as much help as I could give. We wrestled playfully and finally, after Jane had removed my briefs, we settled into a delightful 'soixante-neuf' position. I have never nuzzled such a cunt, it was streaming with love juices and I felt like I was probing a drinking fountain. Jane sucked, licked and tickled my shaft and balls, and I was rapidly reaching my peak. Being determined to screw this beautiful creature I rolled out of the position, turned around, and held her close to me.

Jane opened and raised her legs, I moved between them and she guided me into her wonderfully wet, yet tight, cunt. We both came, almost together, in shattering climaxes within a few seconds. Suddenly I felt worried, but, sensing my apprehension, Jane said, "Don't worry, love, I'm on the pill." Soon I was hard again and we ground away to another mind-splitting climax.

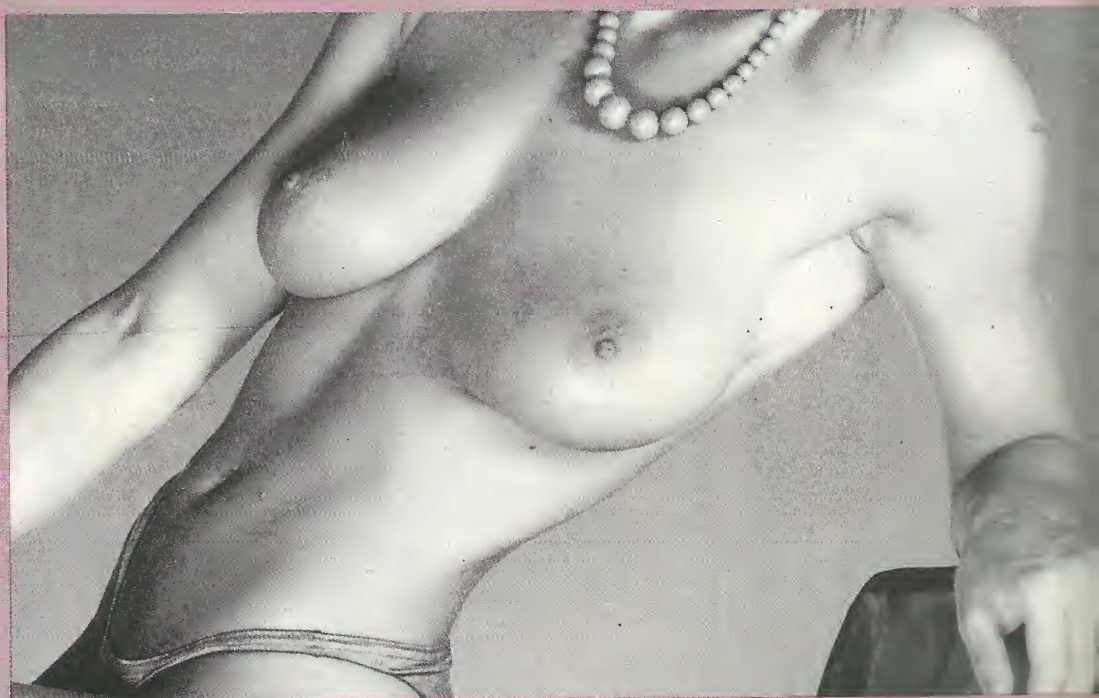
As we drove home, we were both completely satisfied, and Jane cuddled up to me in the car. It was finally quite a wrench to leave her and get her into her house by 9pm. She apparently had not trouble in explaining her late homecoming to her husband, but my darling wife nearly knackered me by demanding a long and passionate session later that night. In the morning my poor prick felt like a scraped carrot!

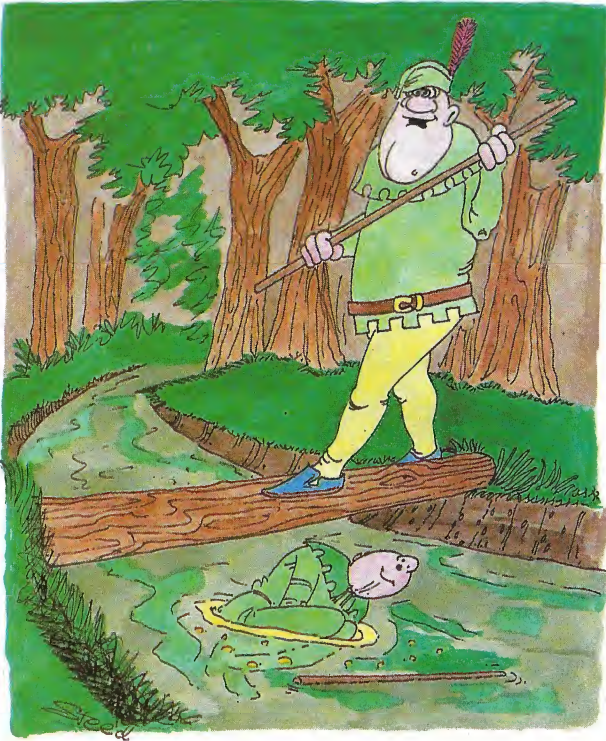
Jane and I continued our affair for more than two years after that first after-

noon. We were never found out and perfected our screwing sessions, to our mutual satisfaction, to a very high degree in that time.

Our affair ended when Jane moved away from our area to the south of England. However, over the years we have maintained contact through Christmas or birthday cards and the occasional phone call. Additionally, when I make business trips to the area in which she now lives — perhaps once a year — I always call to see her. If circumstances permit I take her out to lunch, both of us still feel the same about each other; she is still a beautiful woman, but we have never screwed since Jane moved to England. I think we both knew that once in a while would not be enough, and a more regular basis just isn't possible. So we live with the past, chat about other short-lived affairs, and hope the future might hold better things. — P., Stirling.

"In the morning my poor prick felt like a scraped carrot!"





"Actually, you can't beat a good old-fashioned kick in the bollocks for getting across bridges!"



"Have you seen the muffin man? The muffin man? The fucking muffin man!"

LAUGH WITH *Steed.*



"I must warn you, Gloria, I have very smelly feet..."



"Don't you ever get nervous knowing that there's a beak six inches from your arse-hole?"